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# MONSIEUR TONSON.

## A FARCE,

*IN TWO ACTS.*

BY WILLIAM T. MONCRIEFF,

AUTHOR OF

*Giovanni in London—Cheque on my Banker—Spectre Bridegroom, &c. &c. &c.*

"Begar, here's MONSIEUR TONSON come again."

J. TAYLOR, ESQ.

34

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.*

U. S. A.

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## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

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| | |
|---|---|
| *Mr. Thompson* - | *Mr. Foote.* |
| *Jack Ardourly* - | *Mr. Barnard.* |
| *Tom King* - - | *Mr. Cooper.* |
| *Monsieur Morbleu* | *Mr. Gattie.* |
| *Rusty* - - - | *Mr. Meredith.* |
| *Useful* - - - | *Mr. Williams.* |
| *Fip* - - - | *Mr. Vining.* |
| *Nap, (the Watchman)* | *Mr. Smith.* |
| *Snap* - - - | *Mr. Dobbs.* |
| *Trap* - - - | *Mr. Webster.* |
| *Wantem* - - | *Mr. Isaacs.* |
| *George* - - - | *Mr. Seymour.* |

| | |
|---|---|
| *Adolphine de Courcy, (otherwise Miss Thompson)* | *Miss Smithson.* |
| *Madame Bellegarde* | *Mrs. Bland.* |
| *Mrs. Thompson* - | *Mrs. Knight.* |

*Scene—London.* *Time—48 hours.*

# MONSIEUR TONSON.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hart Street, Bloomsbury.—Evening.*

*Enter* ADOLPHINE *hastily.*

*Adol.* Am I in safety? (*looking around*) Yes; I have at length eluded my pursuer. Unfortunate Adolphine! Is it not enough that I am an emigrant from my native France—that an impenetrable mystery hangs over my birth—that I am only prevented being wholly dependant on the meagre exertions of one as wretched as myself, for support, by the sale of a few trifling drawings, but, whenever, as now, I venture out, I must be the sport and prey of every libertine I meet? (*noise without.*) Ah! let me fly! he is here again!—Wretched, wretched girl! [*Exit hastily.*

*Enter* ARDOURLY, *in pursuit.*

*Ard.* Confusion! she has escaped me once more—what an unlucky dog I am; to behold the only object I feel I can ever love merely to lose her; never did tormenting fate lead a man astray with such beauteous Will o' the wisps as those piercing sparklers and twinkling little feet of hers! she's lost—I'm lost—we're both lost.—

What the devil shall I do? Damme, I'll raise a hue and cry—I'll—but no, I'll not give her up. Yet, which way has she gone—which way must I go? Here's a stranger coming, I'll inquire if he's seen her.

*Enter* TOM KING.

Pray, sir, have you seen a young woman——Eh, why zounds, 'tis my old friend, Tom King!

*T. King.* What, Jack Ardourly! inquiring after a petticoat in the neighbourhood of Monmouth-street? We shall have Cupid turning old clothesman next; but egad, my dear lad, I'm devilish glad to see you; why, I hav'nt had the pleasure of meeting with you since your rich uncle old Thompson popp'd so suddenly from the clouds, and made you presumptive heir to one of the first fortunes in the three kingdoms; I congratulate you faith.

*Ard.* Congratulate me! deplore me!—What's the finding an old uncle, to the losing an angelic girl?—What's the favour of fortune to the malice of fate? I'm the most miserable dog in existence.

*T. King.* Miserable about a wench! muslin-struck quite—ha! ha! ha! some tea-drinking milliner I warrant her, playing at hide and seek to find some wealthy fool to wed her. Was there ever such folly? Oh! Jack Ardourly! Jack Ardourly!

*Ard.* Laugh at me if you please, but hear me. —If love is a folly, it is one I am up to my neck in. Ten minutes since my heart was as free as yours, but, as the mischievous spirit of Cupid would have it, making a short cut from Long's, I

met a lovely girl who instantaneously effected a conquest of me; I started my fair game in Soho, she declined my attentions in Greek-street, bade me leave her in the most imperative mood imaginable, assumed tragedy airs in Berwick street, gave me the slip in Cranbourn alley, and was lost in St. Martin's-lane. I track'd the dear angel again in St. Giles's, but again parted with her and my heart in——

*T. King.* Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square—ha! ha! ha! this is whimsical enough; but what sort of a divinity is this walking Venus, this flying goddess, this hunting Diana of yours?

*Ard.* Her dress and manners are evidently French, but her person is heavenly—her——

*T. King.* Ah! I see, one of those pretty emigrants, we have lately imported from Paris with other French toys, to adorn our streets and amuse our leisure hours. I'll soon rout her, for you, my boy, we'll set out on a voyage of discovery directly. What latitude did she sail in?

*Ard.* I last night miss'd her in this direction.

*T. King.* Allons then; you shall find me as sharp as a needle in guiding you to this Polar Star of Beauty of yours. We'll search every Frenchman's house in London but we'll find her. We'll rummage Paddington, rout out Pancras, peep into Pentonville, summons Clerkenwell, and scour out the Seven Dials for her.

*Ard.* And do you think we shall succeed?

*T. King.* When did Tom King ever fail, when the object was to serve a friend and promote mirth? I'll make you happy my lad. Zounds, for a quiz, a hoax, a joke, a jest, a song, a dance,

a catch, a tale, a race, or a row, Tom King wouldn't turn his back on any man in England. En't I the choice spirit of the day, the jolly dog, the roaring boy, the knowing lad, the rare blood, the prime buck, the rum soul, the funny fellow, Emperor of the Cockonians, Chairman of the Jacks, General of the Lumber Troop, Master of the Mugs, Chief of the Eccentrics, Member of Daffys', President of the Flounder Club, Founder of the Snugs, pass'd Noble Grand of the Odd Fellows, and Vice of half the Freemasons' Lodges in the kingdom. Oh! damme, Tom King's the man, so come along my boy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* THOMPSON *and* RUSTY.

*Rus.* Well, well master, I don't mind letting you have the run of the key for an hour or two if I go with you, and you can show good cause.

*Thom.* I can! I can! these French drawings which I sent you to purchase in Rathbone-place, that I might refresh my memory of Paris are subscribed with a name that has unsettled all my plans again.—See, Rusty, see—Adolphine de Courcy, the very maiden name of my lost wife.—The owner of this name, lives, you say, in Seven Dials.

*Rus.* Aye, with Monsieur Moreblue, a French barber—one of your emigrants; at least, so the man at the shop told me.

*Thom.* We will go to him directly; I must see this Adolphine de Courcy: she may be the wife I have so long lamented as dead—or more probably, the child I have so much and vainly search-

ed for. What an unhappy man I am! doom'd never to know a moment's rest.

*Rus.* No! I believe you never was so comfortable as when you were under my care in the Bastile. There you were properly looked after —nothing to disturb you.

*Thom.* True, true, ah, I should never have left England, only I knew living was so much cheaper in France, and as I had but a very small fortune, I didn't wish to go beyond it—that brought on all my misfortunes.

*Rus.* Serve you right—you shouldn't have deserted your country, merely to save a shilling. I hope all absentees may have as much cause to repent it as you have.

*Thom.* Hum! then I should never have married my wife, the chief agent of all my troubles——

*Rus.* As most wives are, mine was; but she died in her confinement. She was confined the same time you were. Why did you have one so much your superior in rank and fortune as she was?

*Thom.* What did I profit by it? When I discovered that the proud old Marquis her father, was never likely to consent to our union, didn't I marry her privately, and remove her into a retirement where I thought no one would ever have discovered us?—

*Rus.* And were found out the very first thing. She was sent to a nunnery, and you to the Bastile.

*Thom.* It was a great misfortune the revolution breaking out.

*Rus.* Yes; for then the mob broke in: you gained your liberty and I lost my place.

*Thom.* I had become so used to every thing there—was bosom friends with a blue-bottle—had got on visiting terms with a spider—was favored with a daily call from a robin red-breast, and was intimate with almost every rat in my dungeon; there wasn't a stone in one of the walls I didn't know and esteem. Heigho!

*Rus.* Well, but you know you've gratified your old liking for the Bastile by building a house exactly on the model of it. Isn't your bed-room a perfect fac simile of your old cell, and hav'n't you engaged me to look after you as usual? Don't I bring you your victuals and lock you up exactly as I us'd to do?

*Thom.* You do, you do; but it's not the real thing after all. Failing in my search for my wife and infant girl, I betook myself abroad—

*Rus.* Where having been used to confinement under me, you didn't leave your plantation till you had acquired a princely fortune——

*Thom.* And no relation of the name of Thompson to leave it to, only my sister's son, Jack Ardourly. But, these drawings—this name—I have a thousand hopes and fears; let us hasten directly to satisfy them.

*Rus.* Well, I don't mind granting you a rule of court, as it's to transact your private affairs, you may go.

*Thom.* Heigho! [*Exeunt*

## SCENE II.

*Exterior of Monsieur Morbleu's House and Shop in the Seven Dials.—A Watch Box at one corner.—Night*

*Enter* MONSIEUR MORBLEU.

*Mor.* Eh mon Dieu—Je suis tres fatigue, with

my great business; all de head of the nation wish to be turn by me, and I am such a grand professeur, I turn all de nations head. Coupee all dere objection, short with dere hair; my close revolution crop silence every ting; and I make every man one Brutus.——It is great change ma foi for me. in de Grand Nation under de ancienne regime, I was de general of de regiment; here I am only de perruquier in general, only take de Anglois by de nose in de way of my occupation. Have nothing to do with any balls but wash balls—no powder but de hair powder—no chevaux de frize but de comb and de tongs, that I friz de cheveux with; but vere is my housekeeper, Madame Bellegarde—Madame Bellegarde!—*(Knocks at the doore of his shop—Madame Bellegard, opens it and enters.)*—Eh bein, Madame—me voici, here I am, glad to see you and de littel domicile—Comment vous portez cette bonne evening Madame.

*Belle.* Merci, Monsieur tres joli.

*Mor.* Joli—you are joli comme un ange, que tu est charmente, ma chere Madame Bellegarde.

*Belle.* Ah, Monsieur Morbleu, you have so much of de politesse.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, true! true! you remember Madame, ven I use to walk de minuet vit you, twenty, thirty year ago, in de Court de Versailles Oh! l'Amour, those vere bon temps.

*Belle.* Ah, Monsieur, that was under de ancienne regime.

*Mor.* Oui, oui, in verite.—Times very much different now, ma foi. Den I was Monsieur Morbleu, Chevalier Saint Louis and General de Division, and you were Madame la Marquise de

Bellegarde, dame d'honneur and grande Beaute; you very different ting now, Madame, and so am I; now Iam only one poor barber, and you my housekeeper of all work, to make de bed, scrub de board and clean the lodgement Eh Mon Dieu!—but vere is my little Protegee, de petite Mademoiselle Adolphine—Orpheline de Courcy, pauvre enfant—gone to sell her little drawing!

*Bel.* Oui Mousieur, but she will be back prestement.

*Mor.* Bonne Fille—bonne fille. She have de key and can get through the door without our stay up to open it; so I shall go to my nightcap, for I am very much sleepy and il est si tard.

*Nap. (without)* Past ten o'clock!

*Mor.* Ah, dere is Monsieur Nap de Vatch-aman, he is come for to go to his box. Yaw'aw—venez Madame, courage! Louis le desiree and de ancienne regime shall come back by-and by, very often den we tread the minuet de la Cour together again—La, la, lal de ral, de ral!

[*Exeunt* MORBLEU, *with* MADAME BELLEGARDE, *into the house, singing and dancing the Minuet de la Cour.*

*Enter* NAP, *the Watchman.*

*Nap.* Past ten o'clock and a moonlight night.—Well, I've gone my beat and cried the hour—so now I'll go into my box and have a comfortable snooze—Past ten o'clock!

[*Exit into the box.*

*Enter* ADOLPHINE, *hastily.*

*Adol.* In spite of all my endeavours my pursuer has traced me here—what will he think of the meanness of this abode, and what persecutions may I not expect from his attentions?—St.

Louis preserve me—'Tis fortunate I have the key—they come—surely they will not attempt to knock—at all events, they will knock unanswered by me.

[*Exit* ADOLPHINE *into the house, unlocking and locking the door.*

*Enter* Ardourly *and* Tom King, *in pursuit.*

*T. King.* Bravo, victoria! victoria! my boy! I told you Tom King would do the business for you—we've housed her at last.

*Ard.* Yes, there's the mischief of it—what are we to do now?

*T. King.* Why, unhouse her, to be sure.

*Ard.* But how?

*T. King.* Knock at the door,

*Ard.* And run away?

*T. King.* A lover and run away—never!—stand firm to the last—she may answer the door.

*Ard.* But suppose she should'nt, and any one else should?

*T. King.* Then we've merely made a mistake, that's all.

*Ard.* I'm afraid *we* shall be mistaken.

*T. King.* Or, we can enquire for some one—

*Ard.* Who?

*T. King.* Oh! Mr. Jenkins, or Mr. Tomkins, or any one we are sure is not there.

*Ard.* But we may be unlucky enough to pitch upon the very name of some person who *is* there.

*T. King.* To prevent that we'll enquire for your uncle, old Thompson—we are very sure he is not there—so here goes.

(*Knocks at* Morbleu's *door.*

*Ard.* Stay, stay, what are you about?

*T. King.* 'Tis done now. No answer; the

jade suspects us. I'll knock again. *(Knocks)* They are all gone to bed—*(listens)* No, I hear the striking of a light, I'll expedite them. *(Knocks again; peeps through the keyhole)* Somebody coming;- pat, pat, pat, pat.—What strange animal have we here?

*Ard.* Doubtless, the dear angel herself. (Morbleu *opens the door and appears*)Confusion—a man!

*Mor.* Deux gentilhomme, and so late too. I dare say some rich customer want me to dress dem for de grand assembly to night. A votre service. Messieurs, what is your plaisir with me?

*T. King.* I merely called, my dear friend, as I was passing your house. to know if—but I've disturbed your rest I fear?

*Mor.* Oh point de tout, not at all. I am too much proud of the honneur you confer par cette visite ma foi.

*T. King.* You are very kind; we merely called, knowing you are a man of information——

*Mor.* Oh, sare, you do me grande faveur, Je vous rends mille graces.

*T. King.* Don't mention it: We merely called to enquire, if among the persons who inhabit this street, one Mr Thompson lodges here.

*Mor.* Diable!—dat all. and I leave my bed on purpose—Heigho! *(aside.)* No, sare; no Monsieur Tonson do live here!

*T. King.* Hum—I'm sorry we troubled you, but I thought I'd just enquire: couldn't pass by your door without calling you know.

*Mor.* Oh, sare! you are very polite—wish you were at the diable! *(aside.)*

*T. King.* Good night! take care you don't catch cold.—Good night!

*Mor.* Bon soir, Messieurs. Glad they are going! Au revoir! *Exit Morbleu.*

*T. King.* Mind your rush-light don't go out —Ha! ha! ha! was there ever seen so curious an animal? Let us see what species it belongs to. Lend me your lanthorn, Charley, *(takes* NAP's *lanthorn, and reads the inscription over* MORBLEU's *door.)* "Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruquier en Militaire, Coiffeur en general," ha! ha! ha! very well, Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruquier! it is au revoir, with us, indeed. We will speedily become better acquainted. There Charley, there's your lanthorn and a tizzy for you, my boy. *(returns the lanthorn and gives* NAP *sixpence)* Zounds, Ardourly! Nil desperandum!

*Ard.* I must—you see she does not appear. What's to be done now?

*T. King.* Try again. Where is your rascal, Useful?

*Ard.* At my hotel.

*T. King.* Then that's our point I cannot decently show myself again to-night to Monsieur, therefore, we'll hasten to the Sablionere You write a passionate billet to Miss Morbleu, and let Useful bring it—he's a sharp dog, and with a little of my instruction, will soon afford us both satisfaction and amusement. Allons—au revoir, Monsieur Morbleu. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt* TOM KING, *and* ARDOURLY.

*Enter* NAP, *from box.*

*Nap.* Rum blades, them 'ere; out on a lark, I reckon! Well, it's no business of mine, so long as they don't come on my beat. Half-past ten!

*Enter* THOMPSON *and* RUSTY.

*Rus.* I tell you, I'm sure this is the place; but we'll ask the watchman. Pray, my friend, isn't this the Seven Dials?

*Nap. (holding lanthorn to Rusty's face.)* Aye master! to be sure it is.

*Rus.* There I told you so. Where-abouts does one Mounseer Moreblue live?

*Nap.* What the barber—I don't know—that is I think—I can't tell.

*Rus. (to Thompson)* He thinks he can't tell.

*Thom.* Give him a shilling.

[*Rusty gives Nap a shilling*

*Nap.* Oh, I know now—he lives right under your nose here—but he's gone to bed.

*Thom.* We must knock him up, I cannot pause a moment, till my doubts are satisfied,

*Nap.* That's your business—why the old Frenchman has quite a congregation to night, but I must go and call the half hour. Half past ten. [*Exit Nap.*

*Thom.* Knock Rusty, knock—I cannot rest.

*Rus.* No, nor you'll let nobody else rest—Ulloa! *(knocks at Morbleu's door.)* They're a long time coming.

*Thom.* Knock again—try once more.

*Rus.* It's no use—however, suppose you wont be contented, so here goes. (Rusty *knocks again*)

*Thom.* Dont you hear a window opening.

*Rus.* Yes, there's somebody getting up in the garret.

*Mor. Looking out of the garret window)* Qui est la—Vat is there s'il vous plait? vy you knock at the door of my maison if you are so good?

*Thom.* 'Tis he, 'tis he, is your name Morbleu my good friend?

*Mor.* Oui mon ami.

*Thom.* Come down instantly.—

*Mor.* Sacrebleu—vat vil not de matin do Monsieur? for I am in bed!

*Thom.* No, it is a matter of life and death!

*Mor.* Misecorde, dey vant me to bleed somebody.—Vell to oblige you Monsieur, I shall get up——

*Thom.* Get up! zounds, my dear friend, we want you to come down!

*Mor.* And put on my culotte. Restez la, pour un moment—Heigho! I never can get any rest.

*(Exit in window.*

*Thom.* He's coming—he's coming—and now, thank heaven, I shall have all my doubts silenced or confirmed.

*Enter* Morbleu *from Door.*

*Mor.* Yaw aw! Excusez moi, Monsieur, that I have no candel, but I have burnt my rush-light all away.

*Thom.* Make no apologies my good friend; the urgent business I come upon precludes all ceremony. You have a lady under your care, bearing the name of Adolphine de Courcy.

*Mor.* Oui Monsieur, certainement, but she never assist in de shop. She never shave any body.

*Thom.* You doubtless then, must have heard of an unfortunate man of the name of Thompson.

*Mor.* Diable! vot Monsieur Tonson come again—No sare, I have heard of no Monsieur Tonson—I tell you so before, sare—no Monsieur Tonson do live here; vat you mean by pull me out of my bed in dis way.—By gar, it dam bad manner and no gentleman.

*Thom.* But hear me, my good friend, this Mr. Thompson——

*Mor.* All one cock and one bull—and if you call me up again, ma foi, I shall charge you with the Vatch, for keeping de bad hour—diable!

[*Exit* Morbleu *into house, shutting the door in* Thompson's *face, who vainly attempts to explain.*]

*Thom.* I see how it is, these imperious De Courcys have hired this fellow to keep my wife (for it is doubtlessly she) still in their power—But I'll have redress, I'll go to Bow-street—they've lock'd her up, and now—

*Rus.* 'Tis high time I should lock you up.

*Thom.* Nay, Rusty, nay, let us go in search of the Police—I'll enter the house by force—liberate my wife, and make a terrible example of those who'd detain her from my arms.

[*Exeunt* Rusty *and* Thompson.

*Enter* Useful.

*Usef.* So, the coast is clear at last—I thought those two old twaddlers would never have gone—Let me see—my instructions are, under pretence of inquiring for Mr. Thompson, to endeavour to give this letter to Miss Morbleu. Here's the house—now for it—[*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*]—No answer?—I'll knock again—Ullea! get up! get up!—[*Knocking again violently.*]

*Mor.* [*appearing at the garret window as before.*]—Eh, mon Dieu, is de maison on fire, dat you knock so loud?

*Usef.* No, but you're wanted—you must come down directly—I am sent here in an *official capacity*, expressly to——but that is *alien* to the business—

*Mor.* Begar, what does he say about his official capaci'y and de alien business—I must have

de bienseance, de courtesie to him—*(aside.)*—Tres bien Monsieur officier—I shall come down instantement—How I am broke of my sleep; heigho! [*Exit at window.*

*Usef.* So far so good;—let me but once effect an entrance—I'll soon accomplish all the rest.—Eh! here old Soup Maigre comes.

*Enter* MORBLEU *from the house, sneezing, as if from having newly caught cold.*

*Mor.* Now, Monsieur officier—sare, I am at your command—if you think so good, bonne grace.

*Usef.* I merely called Mr. Morbleu to inquire—

*Mor.* Yes, sare.

*Usef.* If there was one Mr. Thompson—

*Mor.* Vot, Monsieur Tonson again?

*Usef.* Yes, one Mr. Thompson—

*Mor.* Diable, vot you mean, sare—you dam scoundrel, by come again?—vot you mean by Monsieur Tonson, to break my sleep in dis manner?—I told you two one, seven time, dere no Monsieur Tonson here—I know no Monsieur Tonson—got dam!

*Usef.* Well, but my good friend, you needn't be in such a passion—if you don't know where Mr. Thompson lives—I dare say Miss Morbleu does—if you'll just have the goodness to call her up—or your servant will do—the housekeeper—any body.

*Mor.* Parbleu, dis worse dan all—you not content vith pull me out of my bed dese tree time wid your dam Monsieur Tonson; but now you want to pull my ward Mademoiselle Adolphine, and my housekeeper, Madame Bellegarde, out of bed too—Vat they know about Monsieur Ton-

son? You use me tres mauvais—I never was use so under de ancienne regime ma foi—it affront my honneur—I shall not put up with it—I will have de satisfaction, I shall give you to de watch—I shall make a charge of you—Monsieur Vatch!—*(calls)*—he shall put you in his box—Monsieur Vatch!—*(calling.)*

*Usef.* Hey, calling the watch? Zounds, I may get in the wrong box here—I'd better be off.—Bon soir, Monsieur Soapsuds. [*Exit* USEFUL.

*Mor.* Run away!—begar I am sorry I did not run him through. But he shall not get off so well—Monsieur Vatch! Monsieur Vatch, I say —*(calling.)*

*Enter* NAP.

*Nap.* Eh, who wants the Watch?—Here I am —why, hang me if it 'ant Monsieur Powder Blue, the barber—what's in the wind now? Consarn it, I hope there hasn't been no rogues breaking in, and running away with the pomatum—has there?

*Mor.* Vorse dan dat, Monsieur Vatch—I no mind de pomatum, run away—dis hot weather—but dat dam Monsieur Tonson run away too.

*Nap.* Eh, Mounseer Townsend—who's he?

*Mor.* Oh, by gar, me no know—me no want to know—he come here seven, two, tree time, and pull me out of my bed; besides knock my door down—and now I will have him knock down, von dam rascal—you shall vash him ven he come again, and I shall give you him to keep for ever, and lock him in your house, Monsieur Vatch—in your dam black hole, vere you live.

*Nap.* Why now you speak of it, Mounseer, I think I know the rascal—isn't this Townsend a very ill looking fellow?

*Mor.* Oh! tres mauvais, tres mauvais, nasty fellow, great blaguard, me never saw any man me like to see vorse—he come here to enquire after his relacion, ma foi; but me no be couzen in dat way. I shall charge—by gar I shall charge—charge him with you, Monsieur Vatch.

*Nap.* You can't do better—I'll take care of him.

*Mor.* Dat is right—you need not be fear, I have been great general, and I shall help you—yes, when dey come, I shall—

*Nap.* Why, here they are.

*Mor.* Get behind the door—you can lay a wait till dey mention dere name, and den we will rush out—break dere neck several times—stop dere mouths—knock dem down, and lock dem up.

*Nap.* Good, very good, Mounseer—I'll do it—away with you.

[*Exit* MORBLEU *in house*, NAP *in box*.

*Enter* THOMPSON *and* RUSTY, *followed by* TRAP *and* WANTEM.

*Thom.* Now, my good fellows, you know what you've got to do—this is the house.

*Trap.* Aye, aye, vere sly, master. We'll do the right thing, depend on't.

*Thom.* Insist on seeing the lady.

*Trap.* Make your mind easy, we'll rummage her out.

*Thom.* Knock at the door at once, and never fear but you'll be properly rewarded. Come, Rusty, let us look on. Stand aside! stand aside!

[RUSTY *and* THOMPSON *stand aside*.

*Trap.* Now, master Wantem, you tattle the tell tale, and I'll open the business.

*Want.* Aye, aye I'll knock.

[*Knocks at* MORBLEU'S *door*.

*Enter* MORBLEU.

*Mor.* Vell, vot you vant? Vot make you here at such late hour, if I am so bold?

*Trap.* We've a small bit of business with you Mounseer.

*Mor.* *(aside)* Oui, diable! and I have a small bit of business with you by and bye.

*Trap.* We've come about Mr. Thompson's affair

*Mor.* I thought it was Mounsieur Tonson; oui, and now you shall go to de diable: venez ici Mounseer Vatch, dis Mounsieur Tonson—knock him down—lock him up.

*Thom.* Hey, what the deuce is the meaning of all this.

*Nap.* *(rushing out and seizing Trap and Wantem.)* So I've got you at last, have I? I'll teach you to come knocking at peoples' doors at this time of night.

*Trap.* Zounds, Watchey, what are you at? You're on a wrong scent; we're from the Public Office.

*Mor.* But you shall no make a public office of my maison, ma foi.

*Trap.* We're sent by Townsend.

*Nap.* Aye, aye! that's the name, it's all right.

*Trap.* We've come about a gentleman's relation—but I'll tell you the whole pedigree on it.

*Nap.* We know all about it Master Townsend; you must'nt come after your relations here.

*Trap.* Zounds, a'nt you awake?

*Mor.* Oui, you take dam good care of that Monsieur Tonson—lock him up.

*Nap.* Aye, aye! to the watch-house with you.

*Rus.* *(aside to Thompson)* Lock him up, I'll

spare them that trouble with you master—come along.

*Thom.* But Rusty—

*Rus.* It's no use—safe bind, safe find.

[*Exit* RUSTY *forcing off* THOMPSON.

*Trap.* But I tell you you don't understand the business.

*Mor.* Nor we no want Monsieur Tonson.

*Nap.* No, no, Master Townsend.

[*springs rattle.*

*Trap.* Hey! others coming! then here goes for a fair pair of heels, and the devil take the hindmost.

[TRAP *trips up* NAP *and* MORBLEU, *and exits hastily with* WANTEM; NAP *and* MORBLEU *get up and follow in pursuit, rattles springing.*

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SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Sablioniere Hotel in Leicester Square.—Rattles heard without, at a distance.*

*Enter* USEFUL, *hastily.*

*Use.* By those rattles, it would seem, the watchmen that cursed Frenchman sent after me are close at my heels. It's lucky I've reached my master's hotel, that I may get hous'd at once. (*rings bell violently.*) Here they come! but they'll be disappointed for once.

*Exit* USEFUL *into Sablionere.*

*Enter* THOMPSON *and* RUSTY, *hastily.*

*Thom.* Are we out of their reach, Rusty? Yes; they've taken another direction, so we may stop and breathe a bit.

*Rus.* It's all my fault, I shouldn't have let you stop out. I might have known no good could come of it. But come, let us home to bed.

*Thom.* 'Twill be of no use; I shall not be able to sleep a wink. I must make another attempt—it is now near daybreak—I'll throw myself on a sofa for an hour or two, and the first thing in the morning we'll set off to this barber once more; as he only saw us in the dark, he'll not know us again, and under pretence of getting dress'd and shav'd by him, I can sound the scoundrel, and perhaps pump the truth out of him.

*Rus.* Pump the life out of him—I would if I had my will.

*Thom.* You must indulge me in this, Rusty, if you keep me in for a twelvemonth after it.

*Rus.* Well, well, you always coax me over; I'm the most tender hearted keeper in Christendom—come along.

*Thom.* Stay, who are these?

*Enter* Tom King, Ardourly, *and* Useful, *from Sablonierc.*

*T. King.* Ha! ha! ha! Old Thompson little thinks how we are amusing ourselves at his expence.

*Thom.* What!

*T. King.* And so the Frenchman call'd for the watch did he?

*Thom.* My expence—old Thompson—the watch!—what does all this mean? As I live, my graceless nephew! Oh! oh! I see it all.

*T. King.* Ulloa! what pair of antiques are these? From what curiosity shop have they escaped?

*Thom.* Oh, you rascal! *(to Ardourly.)*

*Ard.* My uncle!—confusion—I'm ruin'd—how the devil shall I get off?

*Thom.* You villain! but I'll—*(rattles heard without.)*—Hey! they're coming, Rusty—we shall be taken in custody.

*Rus.* Not so, you're in my custody now, so come along.

*Thom.* You shall hear of this, rogue. Oh dear! oh dear!

[*Exit* THOMPSON *taken off by* RUSTY.

*T. King.* Ha! ha! ha! why, the old boy's off like a shot; he's getting into his second childhood; frightened at the sound of a rattle.

*Ard.* 'Tis a lucky escape for me, faith; he wouldn't have gone off so quickly if he had known those watchmen are in search of his hopeful nephew.

*T. King.* We must carry on the war; the old Frenchman shall have no rest till you have. We'll storm his castle again to-morrow night; Thompson is the watchword, love the object, Tom King the leader, and victory must follow—*(rattles heard nearer.)*—Hey, damn it, here they are; let's be off. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt* TOM KING, ARDOURLY, *and* USEFUL, *hastily.*

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Interior of* MONSIEUR MORBLEU'S *Shop.*

MADAME BELLEGARDE *discovered.*

*Belle.* Monsieur no return vith Mademoiselle Adolphine. How long de time does hang—

Heigho! in ma Patrie, de hour always pass quick as de minute; here, it so dull and so cloudy, dat pauvre Time can no see his way, but creep, creep, creep, as slow as de old vatchman. Ah, France! bien aime!—me only wish to live, to die vith you.

SONG.

AIR, "*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

Oh France, beloved native land,
Though far from thee exil'd,
Still shalt thou first in memory stand,
By no new change beguil'd.
Ah! may no savage spoilers dare
That favour'd land enslave,
Whose Fair are still the fairest fair!
Her brave—the bravest brave!

Oh France, with every glory bright,
What can thy thought destroy?
In memory still our beacon light,
In hope our only joy.
Ah! form'd to banish every care,
Thy plains are sorrow's grave:
Thy daughters are the fairest fair,
Thy sons the bravest brave.

[*Knock without.*]

Misericorde! me hope dat is no Monsieur Tonson dat come last night, come again. I shall no open de door till I know; qui est la, who is knock dere?

*Mor.* [*without.*] Ouvrez la porte—C'est moi madame.

*Belle.* Monsieur himself. It all right—(*opens the door*)—and Mademoiselle too—

*Enter* MORBLEU *and* ADOLPHINE.

Tres bien venu mes amis.

*Mor.* Merci, Madame—volla mon enfant—We have reach home safely at last! You never shall go out by yourself to sell your drawing, unless you are alone, if you no like, any more.

*Adol.* Indeed, sir, I have but too good cause for apprehension—The horrid attack made on me this morning—

*Mor.* Ah! by dat dam Monsieur Tonson! Diable! he one peste; he not content with come and call me up all night, but he return the first thing to-day to be dress and shave, and when I run for the constable, he rush to you all razor and lather—swear you belong to him, and make you faint with de apprehension! Me hope he will no come again to-night.

*Belle.* Sans doute it was some pauvre maniac. You see his keeper took him away par violence.

*Mor.* Keeper or no keeper, I wish he would keep away from me, mon Dieu! But you are mistake, Madame—Dis Monsieur Tonson is sent by de Convention to kill us, because we are friend to de Grand Monarque and de ancienne regime.

*Belle.* Misericorde! we must be much careful.

*Mor.* I shall not open de door never, nor go any where in all de world at all without you, Madame, dat if dis Monsieur Tonson should kill us, we may be witness for one another to get him hang.

*Adol.* How much longer, my generous benefactor, am I to trespass on your bounty? Is there no clue by which I can discover my parents?

*Mor.* None dat I know of, ma foi—When de Revolution broke out, de Marquis de Courcy, my great friend, send for me to de Conciergerie, where he was wait to be guillotine, commit you to my care as une pauvre orpheline dat belong to the famille—charge me to take you to England

and bring you up—give me de trinket and de letter dat I give you, and finish de sad tale by having his head chop off de next day!

*Adol.* And did he not reveal the name of my parents?

*Mor.* No; he no tell me who was your pere, nor who was your mere. He bid me call you Adolphine de Courcy, and prize you as the last of his maison.

*Adol.* Unhappy man!—unhappy Adolphine!

*Mor.* It great misfortune certainment, but pourquoi you grieve? I protect you. You no want father nor mother while I live, and though we no much rich, dis genereuse nation never suffer even her enemy to want, but relieve de people in distress one day, they kill very much in de battle the next. But come, it is supper time, and we will go to bed, for I am one great deal sleepy, and must dormir for to-night and last night all in one—Venez, ma chere Adolphine—Venez Madame, we will go and get our supper.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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SCENE II.—*Exterior of* MORBLEU'S *Shop.*

*Enter* TOM KING *and* ARDOURLY:

*T. King.* The sly old Fox thinks he's got the young Chick all to himself, but he's mistaken, and so is Madame Partlett the Hen—we'll soon draw them out of their coop—Yes, now to begin our holy work for the evening——'Thompson's Night Thoughts.'

*Ard.* And do you think it will be of any avail?

*T. King.* I do; but if we fail again in attempt-

ing to effect an entrance, in their very teeth, we must resort to stratagem. I have a scheme already prepared that must succeed—vive la bagatelle!

*Ard.* Thou art a strange genius. Thy godfathers mistook when they christened thee Tom King—they should have named thee Joe King—for such thou ever art—I trust all to thee.

*T. King.* You shall not be disappointed. Now then, for a coaxing, insinuating piece of street-door eloquence, that shall draw this old Frenchman through a deal board. I'm acquainted with every species of knock, from the single tap of the dun to the thundering lom, tom—tom, tom—tom-a-tom a-tom-tom of the fashionable footman—Mark this—[*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*] I hear somebody—they are waiting for us—Hush—if I can trust my ears, Monsieur and his rib are disputing which shall come first—worthy souls, they're so anxious to receive us—listen.

*Mor.* [*within.*] Pardonnez moi Madame, de Marchioness always rank before de general.

*Belle.* [*within.*] Non, de general always go first—de femme go with the baggage.

*Mor.* [*within.*] We will split de difference, and go side by side—you shall unlock de bolt, while I unbolt de lock. Now, Madame. [*The door is opened, and* MORBLEU *and* MADAME BELLEGARDE *appear.*]

*T. King.* Serviteur, Madame. Your most obedient, Monsieur. Pray, can you inform me if one Mr. Thompson lodges here?

*Mor.* By gar 'tis Monsieur Tonson come again!—Rascal, villain—get from my sight—get from my door. I shall be hang for you at once, and kill you outright, if you no go. Oh, dat I

had my regiment here to charge you with their bayonet.

*T. King.* It would be of no use my good friend; in the performance of my duty an army wouldn't turn me. I have a sacred trust to execute in finding out Mr. Thompson, and all your threats will be of no avail. I am convinced he is in your house.

*Mor.* He is no in my house, I say. By gar he is no in my house. Sir, mon honneur, he is no in my house.

*T. King.* That we must ascertain in person—We must search your house.

*Mor.* Vat, doubt my honneur—search my maison—I that have been great general? Sacrebleu, I will be revenged. Dere is no Monsieur Tonson here; I know no Monsieur Tonson. My housekeeper, who was great Marchioness, know dere is no Monsieur Tonson here.

*Belle.* Non, non—Monsieur is right—dere is no Monsieur Tonson here.

*T. King.* We must fulfil our duty—'tis painful to us to——

*Mor.* You shall no search my house.

*T. King.* But necessity——

*Mor.* Keep at one distance.

*Belle.* You shall no come in.

*T King.* We must not stand on ceremony, my good friend, so I shall take the liberty to——

*Mor.* Shut the door in your face, ma foi.

[*Exeunt* MORBLEU *and* BELLEGARDE, *shutting the door in* KING *and* ARDENLY'S *face, just as they are on the point of effecting an entrance.*

*T. King.* Ha! ha! ha! fairly shut out, by

Jove—the portcullis let down just as we'd crossed the bridge. Is Useful in waiting?

*Ard.* He is at the Sablionere Hotel.

*T. King.* Now then for stratagem. During the day, I took the liberty of furnishing myself with the impression of Monsieur's street-door lock in wax—a skilful blacksmith has made me a key accordingly. I will now go and instruct Useful how to get the old Frenchman out, by some plausible story. He once out, we'll slip in, and while you improve the moments with Miss, I'll make love to the old woman.

*Ard.* This indeed promises something. Only let me have an opportunity of expressing my passion to the dear girl—of proving my disinterestedness—my sincerity—and I am happy.

*T. King.* Allons, my boy, it shall be done—we'll about it instantly—au revoir, Monsieur.

[*Exeunt* TOM KING *and* ARDOURLY.

*Enter* MORBLEU *and* MADAME BELLEGARDE, *creeping cautiously from the house.*

*Mor.* Prenez garce, Madame. Oh, it is all right, dat dam Monsieur Tonson is go away. By gar he is one fantome; but we will lay him---- you shall put one pail of water in de garret window, and when he come again, we will drown him for one witch.

*Belle.* Oui, and den we shall know which one he is.

*Mor.* Tres bien, tres bien; we will lay and wait for him together in de garret Madame, and he shall find it never rain, but it pour water. Dis way, Madame.

[*Exeunt* MORBLEU *and* MADAME *ceremoniously into the house.*

*Enter* THOMPSON *and* RUSTY.

*Rus.* Well, well; on condition that you stand on one side and don't interfere, I have no objection to another application being made to this old Monseer, but it must be left all to me—you shall see how I'll manage things. If I don't obtain something satisfactory, I'll give you leave to lock me up all the rest of my days, only you keep out of the way.

*Thom.* I'll not meddle, though I should like to have a hand in it. (*retires.*)

*Rus.* You shall see how the Frenchman will shower his information on me, directly I apply. Are you quite out of the way?

*Thom.* Yes.

*Rus.* Then I'll commence operations.

[*Knocks at* Morbleu's *door.*—Morbleu *looks out of window.*

*Mor.* Vat is dere! Who you want, sare?

*Rus.* I'll open the affair at once—(*aside.*)—I come from Mr. Thompson, about Mrs. Thompson or Miss Thompson, whichever it is you are keeping so snugly here.

*Mor.* Vot, Madame Tonson come as well as Monsieur Tonson! and Mademoiselle Tonson, too!——Diable, we shall have Maitre Tonson and de whole famille of de Tonsons next—me fear one pail of water will not be half enough—I must get de New River turn on.—(*aside.*)

*Belle.* (*peeping over Morbleu's shoulder*) You are yon great story, sare—Monsieur here keep no Madame Tonson, no Mademoiselle Tonson—he keep no woman but me and Mademoiselle Adolphine.

*Mor.* Non; Madame is right—I keep no

woman but dem—dere is no Tonson here as I tell you before.

*Rus.* Come, come, this won't do; I'm not to be sent off with such an answer as this.

*Mor.* Non—den by gar I must answer you in von oder way.

*Rus.* I knew I should get something more from him.

*Mor.* But first, permettez moi to ask you one question, sare—Avez vous had your suppere?

*Rus.* Supper!—no, to be sure I haven't.

*Mor.* Den I shall give you some ting by way of one wet to stay your stomach 'till you have—dere, Monsieur Tonson, take dat.—(*Emptics water on* Rusty.)

[*Exeunt* Thompson *and* Rusty, *hastily, calling out murder, &c. &c.*

*Enter* Morbleu.

*Mor.* Ha! ha! ha! dat dam Monsieur Tonson has got one duck for his supper. Oui, oui; he has had de water, and now he will wish for de fire, so I shall give him one warm reception de next time he come. Vere is Monsieur Vatch—Monsieur Vatch!

*Enter* Nap.

*Nap.* Here I am, Mounseer—but it's not my time yet.

*Mor.* Vere is your great big blunderbuss?

*Nap.* At home.

*Mor.* You shall go and fetch it, load it with powder and little peas, so dat it may not kill any body, den go up and keep watch in my garret, and ven dis Monsieur Tonson come again, shoot him, and make him all over plump pudding; dese

Anglois like dat. Oui; you shall pepper him all over, for one seasoning; he has had de duck, now he shall have de peas.

*Nap.* I'll take care he shall smell powder, Mounseer, but I mustn't go off my beat in this coat—I'll put it in my box till I come back.

*Mor.* Do; dere is de key of de street door—you can let yourself in when you come back, and take your post in de garret whenever you like.

*Nap.* That won't be long, my cellar e'nt far off.

[*Pulls off his watchman's coat, puts it into his box, and exits.*

*Mor.* Dat settled, I can have some sleep once more—for I am very large sleepy. [*Exit* Mor.

*Enter* Useful.

*Use.* Wheedle the old Frehchman out—hang him, he's just gone in—but I must obey instructions.—(*knocks at door.*)—Now for a good round lie.—(*knocks again.*)—Zounds, the Frenchman don't come.

*Mor. (above.)* It no do, Monsieur Tonson—you have change your clothes for no purpose at all—I shall not come down—you had better call again in one half hour to come.

*Use.* My dear friend, you entirely mistake; I come from no Mr. Tonson; I don't know any such person; I come for you—you are wanted at Court immediately.

*Mor.* Court!—by gar, den Louis le Desiree has sent for me to be shave. Oui, oui; I will come down directly—any ting to make my way to de Court. [*Exit in window.*

*Use.* He bites—Court!—yes, he shall go to St. Martin's-court, and there I'll leave him—there never was such a fellow as Useful—my master never had Useful's fellow.

*Enter* Morbleu *from House.*

*Mor.* Now, sare, I am here all ready—tout pret.

*Use.* Ready to pray, Monsieur! nonsense;—are you ready to walk? because if you are, allons, for we haven't a minute to lose.

*Mor.* Oh, oui, certainment—apres vous, Monsieur.

*Use.* Damn ceremony—this way! this way!

[*Exunt* Morbleu *and* Useful.

*Enter* Tom King *and* Ardourly.

*King.* There they go—the old fox is bagg'd—now, then, to try if the locksmith's daughter is true to us—here's a clear coast and a fair opportunity. *(Opens door.)*—Yes, it's all right—the door is open—love invites you—the rubicon lies before you—you have only to cross it and be happy, you dog.

*Ard.* Ten thousand thanks—but you——

*King.* On second thoughts, I'll keep watch without here, to guard against surprise; in with you. Where can I conceal myself? Hey! zounds, this watchbox—is there any body in it? What's here? A watch-coat, rattle, and lanthorn.—Where's the owner? Tempus fugit! Aye, and the chronicler of time hath flown too. As he's deserted his post, I'll make bold to take it.—(*Dresses himself in* Nap's *coat, &c* )—Now, then, I'm as good a watchman as any Charley among them.—Past ten o'clock, and a star-light morning! [*Exeunt* Tom King *into watchbox, and* Ardourly *into house—the former crying the hour grotesquely.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the house of* Morbleu.

*Enter* Adolphine.

*Adol.* Why am I unprotected thus? Few fond memorials of parents belov'd, though unknown—What hope have I from thee: dear nameless image of a mother's beauty!—[*looking at a miniature which she takes from her bosom*]—brief records of a father's love.—[*looking at letters.*]—The danger that forbade the hazard of a name before, for ever shuts out all disclosure now, and I must still live on, hopeless, joyless, kinless, friendless! [Ardourly *appears stealing in.*

*Ard.* Not so, sweet girl—here at thy feet kneel one who would be friend, kin, all to thee.

*Adol.* Ha! rash youth! what brings you here at this untimely hour? How did you gain admittance—surely I have not been betrayed?

*Ard.* Banish your fears; I cannot live without you.—As a proof of my sincerity, I will this moment conduct you to the altar.

*Adol.* For heaven's sake, sir, I conjure you leave me. Should you be discovered here and at this hour, how would the world——

*Ard.* I must carry her off by a coup de main. At lovers perjuries—(*aside*)—you alarm yourself unnecessarily. Your guardian sanctions, nay, has desired this visit—he has obtained tidings of your parents.

*Adol.* Ah! of my parents! oh, where is he?

*Ard.* He has sent me hither, purposely to conduct you to him; this key is witness of my veracity.

*Adol.* Fortunate, unlooked-for occurrence. I

little thought the messenger that call'd my guardian out just now, was one of so much joy. Let's not lose a moment.

*Ard.* She's mine! she's mine! this note will prevent all unnecessary alarm. [*throws note on table unperceived by* Adolphine] This way! this way, my charmer!

[*Exeunt* Ardourly *with* Adolphine.

*Enter* Madame Bellegarde.

*Belle.* Where mon enfant Adolphine, that she no come for her supper? Vat do I see? If I can believe my eyes, I see her not here! and vot mean dis papier?—[*reads*]—"Ven next you behold your Ward, she will be maitresse of de House of Tonson."—Mon Dieu! de pauvre child is gone—dat Monsieur Tonson has take her. Oh, misericorde! what a dark night is dis—vere Monsieur Morbleu? Pauvre enfant! pauvre enfant! Monsieur! Monsieur!

[*Exit, calling and lamenting.*

SCENE III.—*Exterior of* Morbleu's *House, as before.*

*Enter* King *in* Nap's *coat, &c. from Watchbox.*

*T. King.* Past ten o'clock, and a *Gas*-light night! All's quiet yet. [*peeps at door.*] Eh, here he comes, and not without his errand. He has stormed the fort, and now, soldier-like, is retreating with his baggage.

*Enter* Ardourly from *House, with* Adolphine.

*Ard.* [*aside to* T. King.] I've succeeded—she's mine. This way, sweet girl—this way!

*T. King.* Mum! he's carried her off safe enough—somebody coming; I'll into my box.

[*Exit* T. King *into Box.*

*Enter* Nap *with Blunderbuss.*

*Nap.* There; I've loaded it just enough to leave its mark behind it—one mustn't go to kill any body. Where's the key, that I may take my post in the garret and wait for this Mr. Townsend—he shall nap the contents of this directly he knocks at the door as sure as my name's Charley. I shall have plenty of time to cry the hour by-and-by. [*Unlocks door, and enters house.*

*T. King.* [*from Box.*] Hum! it's lucky I staid! beware of spring guns! gad, here's a customer for him As I live, the old Frenchman; snug's the word—I smell some mischief.

*Enter* Morbleu.

*Mor.* Diable! dat it should be all von hoax at last. Dat dam Monsieur Tonson is down at de bottom of it all. I am so vex, dat I could almost shoot myself for de chagrin—I will get to bed. [*going to knock, draws back.*] Stay, vere is Monsieur Nap—he may make mistake, and shoot me for dis Tonson.

*T. King.* [*muttering.*] Past twelve o'clock!

*Mor.* Oh, he is dere in his box; it is all comme il faut! [*knocks at door.*] Madame! Madame Bellegarde!

*Nap.* [*above.*] Aye, aye, Master Townsend—you blackgaard, take that, I'm guard here. [*fires at* Morbleu.

*Mor.* Oh, by gar, I am murder! I am kill—dat damn Monsieur Tonson: vatch! vatch!—I am mort—Madame Bellegarde—Oh dear! oh dear!

*Nap.* Eh! zounds, what have I done? I've shot Mounseer Powder Blue—here's a business!

*Enter* Tom King, *from Box.*

*T. King.* Ha! ha! ha! It's high time for me

to be off. [*Pulls off* Nap's *coat, & exit laughing.*

*Brile.* [*looks out of window.*] Dieu me'n guarde—quel horror!

*Mor.* I am dead—shot through my body—oh, I am dead! I am dead! I will no stop in dis maison any more.—[*Exit* Morbleu *hastily*, Nap *and* Madame *at the windows, holding up their hands in astonishment.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Elephant and Castle, Newington.*

*Enter* Snap *and* Waiters, *preparing Room.*

*Snap.* Now, boys, bustle about, the coaches will be coming in soon—all stop at the Elephant and Castle, you know. Get the room ready for passengers.

*Fip. (without.)* Waiter, Waiter!

*Snap.* This way, sar, this way—this is the parlor.

*Enter* Fip.

*Fip.* Has there been a French lady here, enquiring for Mr. Fip or Mr. Assignat?

*Snap.* No, sar.

*Fip.* Then the Dover coach has not come in yet?

*Snap.* Not yet, sar.

*Fip.* I shall be in the way when it does.

*Snap.* Very well, sar. [*Exit* Snap.

*Fip.* Who the deuce is this French lady my master, old Assignat, has sent me to meet. Some nun, I think he says, coming from Calais; to take refuge in the convent at Hammersmith, I suppose—I'm to give her this letter, and take her to our chambers in Paper Buildings—de tout mon cœur. No lawyer's clerk in the kingdom is more au fait at any thing of this kind than I am, or cuts a better figure, I flatter myself, on eighteen shillings a week than I do. Well, I'll go and look at the paper till the coach comes in. [*Exit*

*Enter* Snap, *showing in* Morbleu.

*Snap.* This way, sar, this is the parlour, sar—plenty of couches—Brighton, Dover, Ramsgate—any where you like to go to, sar.

*Mor.* Begar, I like to go any where, where I no meet with that damn Monsieur Tonson. Oh my pauvre back, I am all pepper and fright.

*Snap.* As you've not made up your mind where you'd please to go, have you made up your mind what you'd please to take, sar?

*Mor.* Eh. bien—ah! j'ai tres grande faim. I shall take one pork shop.

*Snap.* Don't think there's any to let about this neighbourhood, sar.

*Mor.* Nonsense—you make de grand mistake.

*Snap.* A steak? very well, sar.

*Mor.* Vell, a steak will do very well, sare, and waiter.

*Snap.* Steak and water—have 'em directly, sar—one on the fire now. Cookey, dish up that steak with a glass of water, for the foreign gentleman here. [*calling off.*

*Enter* Fip.

*Fip.* Well, waiter, coach come in yet, eh?

*Snap.* No, sar.

*Fip.* Hum; then I must amuse myself as well as I can till it does; have you any books of any kind? any of the Poets? We lawyer's clerks always patronise the poet—best judges in the world.

*Snap.* Our bar-maid has, I believe, sar; I'll get you one directly. [*Exit* Snap.

*Mor.* Vat vil pauvre Madame Bellegarde do now I leave my shop? Though she grande Marchioness, she must go to the workhouse, ma foi, and Mademoiselle Adolphine, pauvre enfant!

*Enter* Snap, *with steak and water.*

*Snap.* Your steak, sar. [*to* Mor.

*Mor.* Tres, bon garcon—I am very faint, so I shall take a———

*Snap.* Glass of water, sar. [*putting it down.*]

*Mor.* Vell, I may have worse ting, so I shall make myself content with dis.

*Fip.* Well, waiter, where's my book?

*Snap.* Beg your pardon, sar, here it is.

*Mor.* Now for one nice piece.

*Fip.* Ha! what have we here?—the Seasons!—my old favourite, Thompson.

*Mor.* Vot! Tonson?

*Fip.* Yes, Thompson—don't you admire him?

*Mor.* Monsieur Tonson here!—mon Dieu! den he is every where—at home, and abroad, and every place beside. I have leave my house for him—I have leave my shop for him, and now he make me leave de country and my steak for him. Oh. Monsieur Tonson, Monsieur Tonson! (*going.*)

*Fip.* Stay, sir, here is some mistake.

*Snap.* Pay, sar—you've forgot the steak.

(*Voice without.*) Dover coach!—that way, ma'am, you'll find the gemman there.

[Morbleu, *in attempting to depart hastily, runs against* Mrs. Thompsom, *who is entering at that moment, preceded by waiter.*

*Waiter.* A room for Mrs. Thompson, here.

*Mor.* Diable! Je vous demande mille pardons, madame; but dat dam Monsieur Tonson———

*Mrs. Tho.* A countryman, and pronouncing the name of Thompson! Can you give me any information of Mr. Thompson, sir?

*Mor.* Eh, Diable!

*Fip.* My dear sir, I regret that the name of our immortal Thomson——

*Mor.* Immortal! by gar, he is immortal; for there never will be any end to him—he come at all seasons.

*Fip.* Yes; his Seasons are his noblest work. In

spite of your dislike, sir, you must allow me to say, I think his death was a great loss to the country.

*Mor.* Dead! what, is Monsieur Tonson dead?

*Mrs. Tho.* If it is of Mr. Thompson you are speaking, sir, I believe there is but too little doubt on that subject.

*Fip.* No doubt at all, ma'am, I could convince you of it in a minute.

*Mor.* Den I will go back to my shop again. ha! ha! I am so glad! Bon jour, madame! bon jour, monsieur! Monsieur Tonson dead! ha! ha! lira la, lira la, Monsieur Tonson is dead! [*Exit singing.*

*Mrs. Tho.* Very strange, the death of my husband should excite such joy in a countryman!

*Fip.* You come from Calais, I presume?

*Mrs. Tho.* I do, sir.

*Fip.* This letter, then, will explain every thing.

*Mrs. Tho.* (*reading.*) "Madam, agreeably to your instructions from Paris, through Monsieur Dupin, I have caused advertisements to be inserted in the newspapers, offering a reward for any information on the subject of your husband's death, hitherto without effect. Respecting the young lady, Miss Adolphine de Courcy, whom you enquire about, I have discovered that she lives with a Monsieur Morbleu, a Perruquier, in the Seven Dials, whither my clerk will wait to conduct you, as also to the residence of your humble servant, Louis Assignat, Paper Buildings, May 13, '96."——Let me not lose a moment in clasping the dear child in my arms.

*Fip.* I'll conduct you thither instantly, madam —this way, this way—Fine woman, 'pon my veracity! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE THE LAST.

*Exterior of* Morbleu's *House.*

*Enter* Morbleu, *singing.*

*Mor.* "Monsieur Tonson is dead!" I will open my shop again. (*opens shutters.*) Madame, Madame Bellegarde! (*knocks at door.*)

*Enter* Madame Bellegarde.

Embrassez, embrassez, madame, Monsieur Tonson is dead!

*Belle.* Oh, mon Dieu! Il est possible, monsieur?

*Mor.* Oui, oui, madame—it is all true enough. Monsieur Tonson is dead as de nail door, and vil never trouble us again. We shall live in great clover now, and sleep as quiet as the night long. So we will go in and have the little drop of the white liqueur dat these English call Geneva, and drink confusion to Monsieur Tonson. Monsieur Tonson is dead!

*Belle.* If we had but Mademoiselle Adolphine here, monsieur.

*Mor.* N'importe, n'importe; she shall not be lose—de bellman shall run after her very hard tomorrow. Come, madame? [*Exeunt into house, singing and dancing.*]

*Enter* Tom King.

*T. King.* Ha! here's the scene of frequent mirth. My poor old Frenchman! I wonder if he's at home—egad, I'll knock and see. [*knocks.*]

Mor *and* Belle. *appear at door, singing.*

*Mor.* Well, sare—you want to be shave?

*T. King.* Mounseer himself, as I live! Pray, sir, does one Mr. Thomson live here?

*Mor.* Got dam!—here Monsieur Tonson come again! I am paralize!

*Belle.* Oui, Monsieur Dead! dis is his ghost!

*Enter* Ardourly *and* Adolphine.

*Adol.* My word is pledged; unravel the mystery of my birth, and that moment my hand is yours.

*Ard.* I swear it!—You are my cousin; these letters which you have shown me, as the only relics of your father, are in the writing of my uncle; the initials, too, correspond, P. T., Peregrine Thompson.

*Mor.* Two Monsieur Tonsons!!—I am thunderstruck!

*Belle.* Dis is de Monsieur Tonson dat steal off mademoiselle!

*T. King.* Jack Ardourly!

*Ard.* Tom King—congratulate me——

*Enter* Rusty *and* Thompson, *the latter with a Newspaper.*

*Thom.* I don't care, Rusty, this is my wife's advertisement, and I will answer it in person. Ha! here is the Frenchman himself. Now, sir, Mr. Thompson is not dead. I am Mr. Thompson, and demand my wife.

*Mor.* Three Monsieur Tonsons!!! Mon Dieu! dere is no end of dem—Your wife is no here, I tell you—Your wife is ——

*Enter* Fip *and* Mrs. Thompson.

*Fip.* This way, madam —this is Monsieur Morbleu.

*Mrs. Thom.* Then, sir, you will resolve me at once. My name is Thomson——

*Mor.* Four Tonsons!!!!—de world is at one end!

*Mrs. Thom.* I come to claim my child—my Adolphine.

*Adol.* Ah! my mother! (*Embraces her.*)

*Thom.* Rusty—it must be—it is—my wife!

*Mrs. Thom.* My husband! my child! (*embrace*)

*Rus.* Found his wife! then he wont want me to lock him up.

*Thom.* Ardourly—nephew—you have lost a fortune:

*Ard.* But I have gained a wife, sir, by this discovery, and I am happy.

*T. King.* I see your hearts are all too full for method—let us in, and mutually explain these seeming mysteries:—Mr. Thompson has found a wife and daughter—they have found a husband and a father—Ardourly has found a bride—Monsieur Morbleu, here, found out his persecutors—but will, I trust, with the kind permission of our friends, have ample cause to bid our Monsieur Tonson welcome, and gently whisper—Come again.

F

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